ASSASSINS OF GOD

SLICE
FUSE
DIDUS INEPTIS
TECHNOLOGICAL
·MYTHIC·LIMBO
MASTEDON
F.O.B
WHEELS OF GORE
WHALE·ON·THE·BEACH
ONUS
SWORD
POOR·LITTLE·LAMB
BIG·BAD·BOMB

Kenny Kearny: Guitar, Vocals, Piano
Bruce Ducheneaux: Drums
Maurus Fleischmann: Bass

Recorded by Tom Mallon
Produced by Tom Mallon & Kenny Kearny
Cover Art is a detail of a painting by Walter Laing
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MADE IN GERMANY

BONZEN RECORDS

TECHNOLOGICAL·MYTHIC·LIMBO

1	SLICE	5:02
2	FUSE	5:23
3	DIDUS INEPTUS	2:45
4	TECHNOLOGICAL MYTHIC LIMBO	4:30
5	MASTADON	6:01
6	F.O.B.	3:16
7	WHEELS OF ROPE	4:27
8	WHALE ON THE BEACH	3:50
9	ONUS OF UNDERSTANDING	3:29
10	THE SWORD	7:54

Produced by Tom Mallon & Kenny Kearney
Mastered by George Hom at fantasy
Cover art by Walter Laing
Photographie by Teresa (Once or Twice a Week) Buzz
Lettering by Dave Miko
Typesetting and Designing by Zündi
Technical Assistance, Mastodon Amp and Joecaster by Joe Strom

Studio Fox Chor on "Whale On The Beach" is:
Hil Binder, Pam Kray, Anne Lee

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BONZEN Records P.O.Box 61 04 02 1000 Berlin 61 Germany

LC 7402

Kenny Kearney: Guitar, Vocals & Piano
Bruce Ducheneaux: Drums
Maurus Fleischmann: Bass

SLICE

Words by Ken Music by Bruce

FIRE - THE STONE AXE - ALCHEMY - INDUSTRY - REALITY
mc^2 mc^2
These are the rocks upon which we have built our house
These are the rocks upon which we have built our church

LIES - PLOTS - TWISTINGS OF THE TRUTH - CONSPIRACIES
DUTY - HONOR - EXTERMINATION - NATIONALISM - FACISM
ASSASSINATION - EXECUTION - AMORALITY - MASS INSANITY

We believe in just one thing - self - mine
I Am - Therefore I must - We believe in just one thing

Everything has been sacrificied for our Perverse I deal
Everything has been sacrificied for our Divine and Perfect Plan

And in the End, there is truly no thing remaining
No Heaven - No Hell - No Sweet Oblivion -
Just a stop motion switch on a bad "B" film - a moment
Banal - I name - Frozen for All Time -

AND - After Our Civilizations and Our Monoliths - Have been
Reduced to Ashes and Buried Beneath the Tides - Will Another
Emerge - with a Shovel and Desire - To Excavate an Unknown
History? - Will They invent the story, of what We might have been? -
Will They invent the Story of what We were? -
We - The Billions - We - The Top of the Food Chain -
We - Who Surely Devour the very Thing that Sustains Us -
Will They Question our Motivations? Our Rituals? - What We hold Dear?
And will They Sing a similar Song? - And in a Blink of
Geological Time, will another Order uncover their Ashes?
A monument to the Pointlessness of Our Sacred Motivations -
FIRE - THE WHEEL - THE STONE AXE -

FUSE

The music of this song is dedicated to Zündi

Words & Music by Ken

Hanging in slow motion - Like a slug in a fire
Breathing the Black Smoke in - from malignent emotion
Your Every Heartbeat - Feeds the Flames of Rage
The Endless Impending Thumping - Transmits Thoughts from Another Dimension

Inside of your mind - you're screaming, your throat is on fire
The pressure, the pressure hasn't lifted
Your arrows are all broken and twisted

I see your heart is bleeding - from self inflicted wounds
And you sneer in satisfaction - at your own masochistic reaction
Feed your emptiness - with stylish bitterness -
cause hope is a joke - it's the Hangman's Rope
with which the naive will hang themselves

I am not naive - I'll tell you what I believe
that trust is Deer that's staring - into the eyes of the Hunter.
Trust is staring in the eyes of the Hunter - into the eyes of the Hunter
staring into the eyes of the Hunter

You always gotta kill something real slow

You're still hanging in slowmotion like a slug in a fire
Breathing the Black Smoke in - from malignent emotion

Inside of your mind - you're screaming your throat is on fire
The pressure, the pressure hasn't lifted
and your arrows are all Broken and Twisted
your arrows are all Broken and Twisted
your arrows in your Quiver are Twisted
your arrows are all Broken and Twisted

DIDUS INEPTUS

Music by Ellen Schoenwetter & Ken

TECHNOLOGICAL MYTHIC LIMBO

Words by Ken Music by Maurus

I stood around for about a year -
I watched the whole world change around me
Now I don't know where I am -
Now I don't know where I am -

Coded advertisements keep on flashing by
I don't know what it is they are trying to sell me
I moved real close to decimal point on time
But I just couldn't bring myself to touch it

I never embraced a credit card - Never made those monthly payments
Slipped into the cracks of society - Now the government doesn't know me

I found out about Martial Law - I found out about Propaganda
And I don't know who they are - I don't know who they are

Mankind is in a Technological Web of Fast Forward Limbo
Everything is Bigger, Better, Smaller, Sharper, more
It's a Placebo, a Placenta, Economy, Astronomy, Embryo, Atom, Quasar
We are like a Broken Telescope - Searching for the End of the Universe -
I see the world, a country, a city, a house, I sit in a chair and stare at the wall
Planetary Catastrophies Erupt from the Bowels of the Earth
Soon there will be 10 Billion people - the world leaders are well prepared
the list of daily Extinctions grows - Children die of malnutrition
It's Diseases without cures - It's the Greatest Story Ever Told
A Tale without a beginning, without a middle, without an End,
Without a Rhyme or a Reason, without a moral, without a Purpose
It' Beautiful, Beautiful, Fall Faster, Full Further, Fall Downward , more

Once or Twice a week I'd like to have a decent day - but no
Once or Twice a week I'd like to have a decent day - but no
I work all week
I work all week
I work all week
I work all week

MASTODON

Music by Ken, Maurus & Bruce

F.O.B.

Words & Music by Ken

I get ugly drinkin' whiskey, I get crazy drinkin' gin
think I'm gettin' shit-faced, gonna blow my lunch again
some asshole stole my jacket, I got bit by some dumb dog
can't find my keys, can't find a job

Hey you got a cigarette? How 'bout a Beer
If I made a buck a note I'd play more notes then you could hear
Yes I am a sleaze bag - but I'm a pro
I just stole your lighter And you don't even know

What the Hell is goin' on around here
I gotta find something to do
I ain't got nothin' nothin' to prove
and I sure ain't got a single thing left to lose

Ain't got no nose ring - got no tattoos
Ain't got no money - The rent is due
Ain't got a car - ain't got a clue
I'm Fat and Old and Bold - but I'm better off than you

What the Hell is goin' on around here
I gotta find something to do
I ain't got nothin' nothin' to prove
and I sure ain't got a single thing left to lose

I'm not happy - I'm not sad
What I am is Goddamn mad
You think you're special - you think you're smart
you don't know what I forgot

What the Hell is goin' on around here
Everyone I talk to is stuck in first gear

WHEELS OF ROPE

Words & Music by Ken

Wheels of Rope around my brain
Wheels of Rope make me insane
Wheels of Rope and Wheels of Wire
Wheels of Rope and Wheels of Fire
Feel the Rope taste the Fire
the Rope gets tighter the Flames get higher
Wheels of Rope and Wheels of Fire
the Rope gets tighter the Flames get higher

Woe is me, Woe is me, Woe is me, Woe is me

Things in circles things the same
Forward Backward moving Flame
Broken records play each day
Wheels of Rope around my Brain
Things in circles Things in Flames
Forward Backward moving Flame
Broken records play each day
Broken Records Broken Brains
Wheels of Rope and Wheels of Pain

Woe is me, Woe is me, Woe is me, Woe is me

Wheels of Stone and Wheels of Fire
I tell the Truth you call me liar
Wheels of Rope and Wheels of Pain
Wheels of Rope around my Brain
Wheels of Truth and Wheels of Stone
Wheels of Fire and Wheels unknown
Wheels of Rope and Wheels of Pain

My minds O.K. my Brain's insane
My Brain - my mine
My Brain - Is this my mind
My telephone is on TV
My Television is not my mind -aa-aa-aa

a -hek-hek-hek oh - god help me
agya - hey - gradm - shzct -difugahk
ahh - gnahhnm
Who the fuck d'you think you are
Telling me what to do
Who the fuck d'you think you are
Telling me what to do
Who the fuck d'you think you are
Telling me what to do
You can't tell me what to do
No-one tells me what to do
arrrr - nyehh - arrrrr
Who the fuck d'you think you are
Who do you think you fucking are
Fuck Fuck you
nyaaa -ah - nyoouaoehhh

WHALE ON THE BEACH

Words by Ken   Music by Bruce & Maurus

All aboard
I rode a bus today - commuter box car special
and everybody on that train
had a look an awfull lot like a Beached Whale

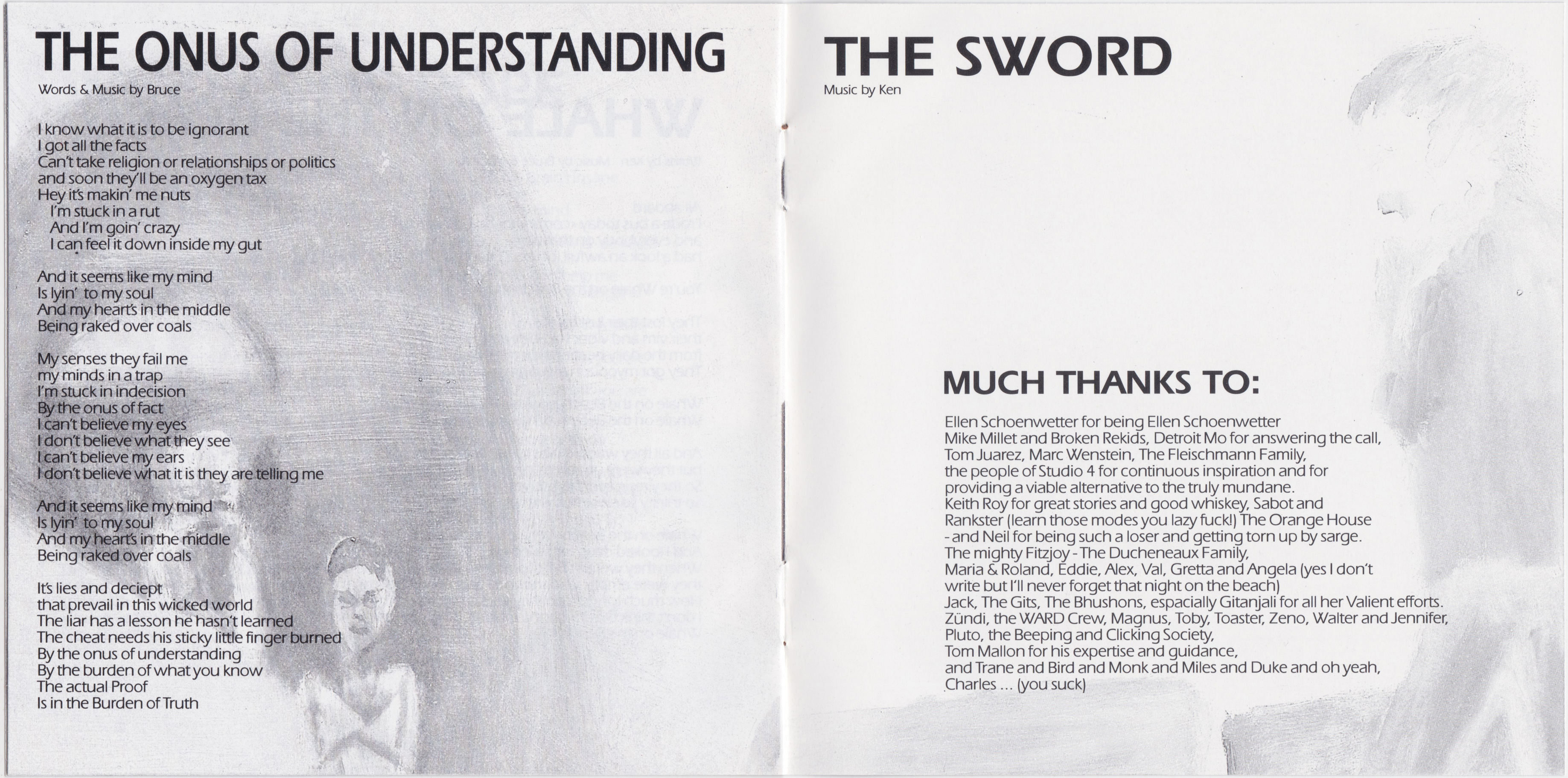
You're Whale on the Beach - Whale on the Beach

They lost their lust for life
their vim and vigor had dehydrated
from the daily heat of their miasma
They got myopia in a quagmire what a quandary

Whale on the Beach you're a Whale on the Beach
Whale on the Beach Whale on the Beach

And all they wanted was to get back to the sea
but they were unable to get back to the sea
So they resigned themselves to die
So thirsty so close but with useless limbs

Whale on the Beach Whale on the Beach
And I looked deep into their eyes Whale on the Beach
When they weren't full of pain and sadness Whale on the Beach
they were empty, void, nobody at home Whale on the Beach
How much longer can they take it Whale on the Beach
I don't think they're gonna make it Whale on the Beach
Whale on the Beach



THE ONUS OF UNDERSTANDING

Words & Music by Bruce

I know what it is to be ignorant
I got all the facts
Can't take religion or relationships or politics
and soon they'll be an oxygen tax
Hey it's makin' me nuts
  I'm stuck in a rut
  And I'm goin' crazy
  I can feel it down inside my gut

And it seems like my mind
Is lyin' to my soul
And my heart's in the middle
Being raked over coals

My senses they fail me
my minds in a trap
I'm stuck in indecision
By the onus of fact
I can't believe my eyes
I don't believe what they see
I can't believe my ears
I don't believe what it is they are telling me

And it seems like my mind
Is lyin' to my soul
And my heart's in the middle
Being raked over coals

It's lies and deciept
that prevail in this wicked world
The liar has a lesson he hasn't learned
The cheat needs his sticky little finger burned
By the onus of understanding
By the burden of what you know
The actual Proof
Is in the Burden of Truth

THE SWORD

Music by Ken

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TECHNOLOGICAL-MYTHIC-LIMBO
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